

A verie serious businesse call's on him:
The great prerogative and rite of loue,
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint:
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets
Which they distill now in the curbed time,
To make the coming houre overflow with ioy,
And pleasure drowne the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leaue a'th king,
And make this haft as your owne good proceeding,
Strengthened with what Apologie you thinke
May make it probable neede.

Hel. What more commands hee?

Par. That hauing this obtain'd, you presentlie
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In euery thing I waite vpon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you come firrah.

Enter Lafew and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordshippe thinkes not him a
souldier.

Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approue.

Laf. You haue it from his owne deliuerance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimonie.

Laf. Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this I aske
for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you my Lord he is very great in know-
ledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I haue then sinn'd against his experience, and
transgress'd against his valour, and my state that way is
dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent:
Heere he comes, I pray you make vs friends, I will pur-
sue the amitie.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done sir.

Laf. Pray you fir whose his Tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O I know him well, I fir, hee fir a good worke-
man, a verie good Tailor.

Ber. Is shee gone to the king?

Par. Shee is.

Ber. Will shee away to night?

Par. As you'le haue her.

Ber. I haue writ my letters, caskerted my treasure,
Giuen order for our horses, and to night,
When I should take possession of the Bride,
And ere I doe begin.

Laf. A good Trauailer is something at the latter end
of a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and vses a
known truth to passe a thousand nothings with, should
bee once hard, and thrice beaten. God saue you Cap-
taine.

Ber. Is there any ynkindnes betweene my Lord and
you Monsieur?

Par. I know not how I haue deserued to run into my
Lords displeasure.

Laf. You haue made shift to run into't, bootes and
spurs and all: like him that leapt into the Custard, and
out of it you'le runne againe, rather then suffer question
for your residence.

Ber. It may bee you haue mistaken him my Lord.

Laf. And shall doe so euer, though I tooke him at's
prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleue this of

me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the soule
of this man is his clothes: Trust him not in matter of
heauie consequence: I haue kept of them tame, & know
their natures. Farewell Monsieur, I haue spoken better
of you, then you haue or will to deserue at my hand, but
we must do good against euill.

Par. An idle Lord, I sweare.

Ber. I thinke so.

Par. Why do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech
Giues him a worthy passe. Heere comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I haue fir as I was commanded from you
Spoke with the King, and haue procur'd his leaue
For present parting, onely he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not meruaile *Helena* at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration, and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a businesse, therefore am I found
So much vnsettled: This driues me to intreate you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse then aske why I intreate you,
For my respects are better then they seeme,
And my appointments haue in them a neede
Greater then shewes it selfe at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,
'Twill be two daies ere I shall see you, so
I leaue you to your wisdome.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,

But that I am your most obedient seruant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And euer shall

With true obseruance seeke to ecke out that
Wherein toward me my homely starres haue faild
To equall my great fortune.

Ber. Let that goe: my haft is verie great. Farwell:
Hie home.

Hel. Pray fir your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I say 'tis mine: and yet it is,
But like a timorous theefe, most faine would steale
What law does vouch mine owne.

Ber. What would you haue?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much: nothing indeed,
I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes,
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kisse.

Ber. I pray you stay not, but in haft to horse.

Hel. I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord:
Where are my other men? Monsieur, farwell.

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I wil neuer come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or heare the drumme:
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Brauely, Coragio.

Actus Tertius.

*Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen,
with a troope of Souldiers.*

Duke. So that from point to point, now haue you heard

The

The fundamentall reasons of this warre,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.

Lord. Holy seemes the quarrell

Vpon your Graces part: blacke and fearefull
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we meruaile much our Cousin France
Would in so iust a businesse, shut his bosome
Against our borrowing prayers.

French E. Good my Lord,

The reasons of our state I cannot yeelde,

But like a common and an outward man,

That the great figure of a Counsaile frames,

By selfe vnable motion, therefore dare not

Say what I thinke of it, since I haue found,

My selfe in my incertaine grounds to faile,

As often as I guest.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

French G. But I am sure the yonger of our nature,

That surfet on their ease, will day by day

Come heere for Physicke.

Duke. Welcome shall they bee:

And all the honors that can flye from vs,

Shall on them settle: you know your places well,

When better fall, for your auailes they fell,

To morrow to 'th the field.

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

Count. It hath happen'd all, as I would haue had it, saue
that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a ve-
rie melancholly man.

Count. By what obseruance I pray you.

Clo. Why he will looke vpon his booke, and sing:
mend the Ruffe and sing, aske questions and sing, picke
his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trick of
melancholy hold a goodly Mannor for a song.

Lad. Let me see what he writes, and when he meanes
to come.

Clo. I haue no minde to *Isbell* since I was at Court.
Our old Lings, and our *Isbels* a'th Country, are nothing
like your old Ling and your *Isbels* a'th Court: the brains
of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to loue, as an
old man louts money, with no stomacke.

Lad. What haue we heere?

Clo. In that you haue there.

A Letter.

*I haue sent you a daughter-in-Law, shee hath recovered the
King, and undone me: I haue wedded her, not bedded her,
and shorne to make her not eternall. You shall heare I am
runne away, know it before the report come. If there bee
breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My
duty to you.*

This is not well rash and vnbridled boy,
To flye the fauours of so good a King,
To plucke his indignation on thy head,
By the misprising of a Maide too vertuous
For the contempt of Empire.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heauenewes within be-
tweene two souldiers, and my yong Ladie.

Lad. What is the matter.

Clo. Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some
comfort your sonne will not be kild so soone as I thought
he would.

Lad. Why should he be kill'd? *Isbell* is runne away, as I heare he
does, the danger is in standing too't, that's the losse of
men, though it be the getting of children. Heere they
come will tell you more. For my part I onely heare your
sonne was run away.

Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.

French E. Saue you good Madam, *Isbell* is gone.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for euer gone.

French G. Do not say so.

Lad. Thinke vpon patience, pray you Gentlemen,

I haue felt so many quirkes of ioy and greefe,

That the first face of neither on the start

Can woman me vntoo't. Where is my sonne I pray you?

French G. Madam he's gone to serue the Duke of Flo-
rence.

We met him thitherward, for thence we came.

And after some dispatch in hand at Court,

Thither we bend againe.

Hel. Look on his Letter Madam, here's my Passport.

When thou canst get the Ring vpon my finger, which neuer

shall come off, and shew mee a childe begotten of thy bodie,

that I am father too, then call me husband: but in such a (then)

I write a Newer.

This is a dreadfull sentence.

Lad. Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?

French G. I Madam, and for the Contents take are sorrie

for our paines.

Old Lad. I prethee Ladie haue a better cheere,

If thou engrossest, all the greefes are thine,

Thou robst me of a moiety: He was my sonne,

But I do wash his name out of my blood,

And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he?

French G. I Madam.

Lad. And to be a souldier.

French G. Such is his noble purpose, and beleue't

The Duke will lay vpon him all the honor

That good conuenience claimes.

Lad. Returne you thither.

French E. I Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed,

Hel. Till I haue no wife, I haue nothing in France,

'Tis bitter.

Lad. Finde you that there?

Hel. I Madam.

French E. 'Tis but the boldnesse of his hand haply, which

his heart was not consenting too.

Lad. Nothing in France, vntill he haue no wife:

There's nothing heere that is too good for him.

But onely she, and she deserues a Lord.

That twenty such rude boyes might read vpon,

And call her hourly Mistris. Who was with him?

French E. A seruant onely, and a Gentleman: which I

haue sometime knowne.

Lad. Parolles was it not?

French E. I my good Ladie, hee.

Lad. A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse,

My sonne corrupts a well deserued nature.

With his inducement.

French E. Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of

that, too much, which holds him much to haue.

Lad. Yare welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you

when you see my sonne, to tell him that his sword can

neuer winne the honor that he looses: more Ile intreate

X

you